

# THE HORNET.

REV. W. H. BROWN & W. H. TERRY.

CARROLLTON:

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1843.



"A LONG FELL—A STRONG FELL—AND A FULL  
ALL TOGETHER—AND THE DAY IS OURS."

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**HENRY CLAY,**  
OF KENTUCKY.

Whig Bond-paying Ticket  
OF MISSISSIPPI.

For Governor,  
**GEORGE R. CLAYTON,** of Lowndes.

Secretary of State,  
**LEWIS G. GALLOWAY,** of Holmes.

For Auditor of Public Accounts,  
**LUKE LEA,** of Hinds.

For State Treasurer,  
**WILLIAM HARDEMAN,** of Madison.

**HENRY CLAY.**

"The mighty statesman now we see;  
Friend of freedom and of man."

We have this week spread the name of this illustrious patriot and statesman upon our banner, as a candidate for the Presidency in '44. We are elated with feelings of pride and devotion to our principles, to know that we have such a man as the gallant **HENRY CLAY** for our leader. What name on earth has connected with it so many reminiscences of past glory and renown—what name is it that thrills the halls of the oppressed of every land, when it is mentioned in connection with Freedom and Liberty—what man was it that stood boldly forth when anarchy, disunion and civil war threatened the dissolution of the Union, and threw himself between the beligerent parties and restored peace and harmony to the troubled and tottering Republic—it was **HENRY CLAY**.

Most every person is acquainted with the beautiful writings of the Milford Bard. Who the real author is—we do not know. But we will say, his productions, on all subjects, are unsurpassed for beauty and regularity, by any other pen. In connection with his beautiful originalities upon other topics, he speaks in the following language of our worthy compatriot:—"I am invited" says he, "to record my opinion of one of the most illustrious characters that ever dignified or adorned the page of history—that ever dazzled the world with the brilliancy of his career. He stands in the Hall of the American Senate, the avowed champion of the rights of man—he stands alone the magnificent monument of genius, and in vain may we search among the tombs of oriental genius or the records of ancient talent, for a parallel of this mighty orator of nature. Like that of Demosthenes and Cicero, the thunder of his eloquence strikes terror to tyrants—it pours from his tongue like a flood of flame, tumbling from the Alps or Andes, and the very walls seem to live and leap as they echo back his words of eloquence. In grandeur of his conceptions he rivals the most glorious masters of Greece, and in the beauty and brilliancy of his language, he has never been surpassed by the most splendid specimens of Roman or Athenian oratory. Even the tongue of Tully, which made the mightiest Roman tremble and struck terror to Cataline, never excelled in the glory of orators the Heaven touched tongue of Clay. When he rises in Congress, like some mighty lion about to spring upon his prey and crush him to the earth, every eye is fixed, every tongue is mute, and silence holds her reign, while the power of his eloquence holds spell-bound the great phalanx of genius that surrounds him.

As a statesman he has proven himself not only the friend and benefactor of man but the Saviour of his country. The dark cloud of war was gathering in the South, and brother was ready to imbrue his hands in the blood of brother, like an Angel of Peace, Henry Clay came forward, rolled back the dark cloud of war, and the rainbow of reason appeared on the horizon of Carolina. But whether we view him as a statesman or an orator, he is the same original and glorious character.

The Parliament of England has resounded with the strains of Burke and Chatham, and our own Congress has been charmed by the amazing and brilliant eloquence of Webster and many other illustrious characters, but greater than Burke or Fox, and even Webster and the most brilliant orators of the House, is Henry Clay, the great and determined opposer of all usurpation.

Henry Clay is the guardian of American

Liberty. Give him the reins of Empire, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample on the ruins of our Republic—give him the reins of Empire, and the flag of freedom will forever wave on the walls of Washington. His fame has gone forth to the world, the pages of history have recorded his renown, and his memory will forever be engraved on the hearts of his countrymen."

## ANTI-BONDRISM—OUR BOW.

**KIND PATRONS:**—Here we are before you, for the first time, as joint conductors of a weekly journal. Our bow is made—and anticipations of encouragement and success have already begun to be more fully realized, than could reasonably be expected. In one day we procured near 70 subscribers, and still continue to receive them daily. This is truly cheering, and will be an incentive for redoubled exertions on our part, to make the *Hornet* a keen stinger to the hordes of corrupt political office-seekers, of the anti-bond stripe, who through the political field for office.

The best interests of our State have been entirely overlooked, by the friends of good order. The proper weapon has not been used in the destruction of loco-focism. The press is the only giant that can slay the manufactured humbugs of the anti-bonders. Then let us succor it. Truth will lead light to the darkest corners of the globe, where superstition and ignorance has ruled supreme. All demagogues are emphatically the same in principle and all humbugs have one common object, that of deception. In all countries, and in all times, from that of Greece and Rome to the present day, has the hypocritical cant of demagogues been proverbial. They have flattered the weaknesses and fostered the prejudices of the people; professed the warmest attachment to their interests, and evinced the most ardent zeal for their welfare, with no other motive but the gratification of a sordid and selfish ambition. Trusting for success to ignorance and credulity, and appealing for support to the blind fanaticism of partisan bigotry, the loco-foco anti-bond humbuggers have again flung forth the flag of dishonor, under which to rally their forces in the coming contest. Every engine of political warfare, every manoeuvre in political strategy, is now brought to bear upon the public mind by the anti-bond party. We now warn the people—warn them solemnly and conscientiously, that if they yield to the soul destroying influence of anti-bondism, that they will plunge, unwittingly perhaps, into a gulf of self-degradation from which no subsequent efforts can ever extricate them. Duped, blinded, deceived and betrayed, they will find themselves, when they awake from their delusion to a consciousness of their true position, like Prometheus of old, bound to the rock of dishonor, with remorse gnawing like a vulture upon their vitals. Like the Syrens of old the loco-focos lure but to destroy. Cradled in revolution, corruption is at once their element and trade.

Uneasy and boisterous for office, they have sowed the seeds of discord among the different classes—endeavoring, like that arch demagogue Grachus, to excite the prejudices of the poor against the rich, and urging the honest people of Mississippi to sacrifice the dearest birth right of freemen—their national honor. A creed that has for its unholy object the disorganization of society, and the demoralization of the people, can never, we trust, meet with favor in Mississippi. The land of a Prentiss, whose trumpet voice thundered in defence of her honor and her rights in the National Capitol, could never degenerate so far as to repudiate the dignity which his splendid eloquence defended and sustained. Far better had it been that the star of Mississippi was struck from the American flag by an American Congress, than that she herself, with a suicidal sacrilege, should blacken forever that Star by her own voluntary dishonor. Then pause in your parical career, and remember that those who now call so loudly on you to strike the brightest jewel from the cap of sovereignty, your national honor, are the very ones who humbugged you with the Pet Bank system and the Union Bank, and who are again trying the same manoeuvre for their own sinister purposes.

Reflect for a moment and you cannot but detect, through the flimsy veil, the artful designs and selfish purposes of the anti-bond loco-focos. Like desperate gamblers, frantic at their losses, the anti-bondmen would again stake the honor and good name of their adopted land, in the heartless game of party.

You may again blight the character of your State, though you cannot avoid the payment of the bonds, in the same manner that a detected swindler reaps all the infamy without the profit of his attempted villainy. Arouse yourselves then from the lethargy into which this drugged opiate has lulled you. Your country demands your aid. Drive from your presence with manly honesty, the man, who, like the serpent at the ear of Eve, would prompt you to grasp at the forbidden fruit of dishonor and disgrace. The bandit crew, in their universal pollution have laid their hands upon the glorious banner that waves above your Capitol. It is the emblem of your sovereignty and the witness of your triumphs—the herald at once of victory and freedom. We invoke you, by the shades of your fathers, by your love of country—by the proud recol-

lections of the past, and the animating hopes of the future, to resist the outrage and preserve your birth-right. Give your whole heart and soul to the support of genuine Whig principles, by a liberal support of the Press. Insist upon your neighbors becoming subscribers to the "*Hornet*," and take a Prospectus and go to them. Tell them the necessity, the good it will do in the dissemination of Whig doctrines. Strike down the wicked flag of anti-bondism, with which they would desecrate your Capitol—and strike at freemen should—for your country and your country's honor.

**Header,** before you is the first number of the *Hornet*. Perhaps you have not subscribed for it—if not so much the better opportunity you will have of testing its merits, and satisfying yourself fully, before giving your support. Our desire is to give universal satisfaction, to those who have already subscribed, and to those who may hereafter do so. A number of persons who are not subscribers, will receive the first number of this paper, which is sent them to know if they will attach themselves to our subscription list. To those who are not inclined to do so, we would respectfully request that they send the paper back as soon as possible. You may be assured, my dear friends, that the *Hornet* will not swerve any of you, unless you approach its citadel of Liberty and make an unprovoked attack upon its native rights. In that case it will certainly pop its swiss into you.

We feel fully satisfied that no man, to whom we send a copy, though he may not have authorized us to do so, will hesitate for a moment in sending us ONE DOLLAR, with orders to continue the paper. A mere trifle is one dollar; but when five hundred of the friends of pure principles send each that amount, we are placed upon firm ground, and may defy the corrupt collar-dogs of loco-focism to combat. We can be able, without serious loss, to spread the rascality and corruption of the anti-bond leaders before the eyes of the uninformed—to issue weekly seven hundred copies for general circulation. This would be worthy the Whig cause. It now remains with that party to say whether this paper shall flourish or not. The proper way to encourage it, would be for its active friends to first subscribe themselves, and then take a Prospectus and secure the names of their neighbors. Unlike the myrmidons of political corruption and apostasy, we are fighting for the good of our common country. We are battling, "not for the glory of Caesar—but the welfare of Rome."

The most foul, wicked and detestable act that ever came to our knowledge, is the scurrilous article going the rounds of the democratic press, penned in a scriptural tone of language, with unmeasured abuse of the lamented Harrison. Like hungry vultures, they pounce upon dead and defenceless bodies—a living and moving object, however small, would be a sufficient hero to frighten them off. The Gallatin Signal is now upon our table containing the article alluded to. Harris and Tebo, the publishers, have no doubt cursed their maker, because they couldn't make the people believe that Albert Gallatin Brown was the greatest and smartest man on earth, and ought to be elected Governor. And they no doubt will turn and curse themselves, when they are told that the public believe just about as much of the Harrison dose, as they do in the utility of electing their famous Brown, Governor.

**CHANGING COLORS.**—Is it not quite funny, to look at the little tricks of the anti-bond party; the "Jim Crow" wheelabouts and turnabouts, which they are making every day.—The Free Trader anti-bond-lofoco specimen of compounds, says, it will be recollected that previous to the late democratic convention it was agreed upon all hands, that the question of bond and anti-bond should not be considered in that body, and that candidates should be nominated without reference to that question. Accordingly when the convention assembled the candidates were nominated, no one questioning their opinions on the bond questions, and so it turned out that every nominee was a Planter's Bank Bond-payer.

"And so it turned out that every nominee was a Planter's Bank Bond-payer?" Mercy! what a sad catastrophe? It is admitted that the whole batch of nominees, who were heretofore violent supporters for the repudiation of all State debts, and who were well soaked in the anti-bond dye-pot and fought so nobly for the election of Tucker, "turned out to be Planter's Bank Bond-payers." Yes, we 'spose sort 'o and sort 'o not, in relation to the Union Bank bonds. That is, "it was agreed upon all hands, that the question of bond and anti-bond should not be considered," as some few of the nominees might have a banking for honesty and some few for dishonesty, and some that would like remain "mum."

Is it not evident, from the paragraph above, in which it is said, no one questioned the views of the aspiring nominees, that the whole par-

ty have become sick of the anti-bond medicine, which was administered so freely to loco-foco voters, in the last election. The people were snugly duped and humbugged, but are now prepared to administer for themselves, and redden their character.

**U. S. BANK—THE TARIFF.**—Cracked skulls insist that it is "unconstitutional" to charter a United States Bank. Why was it that some of the most distinguished men of our or any other country decided differently. Because their skulls were sound. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, Monroe, and Chief Justice Marshall, favored the charter of a United States Bank.

So it is with the Tariff. Cracked skulls yell loudly against it. Which should the people prefer, a judicious tariff for the support of Government or direct taxation. One of the two alternatives must be resorted to.—The British are bitterly opposed to the Tariff—so are the loco-foco party. Now which of the two great political parties of the Union, best deserve the appellation of "rascals."

It is asserted by the leaders of loco-focism that the tariff oppresses the poor. The contrary is the fact: no oppression can arise to that portion of our countrymen, from the effects of such a judicious measure. The rich who sport in lordly style, and make use of rich wines, brandies, raisins; fine satins, muslins, shawls &c., and the stiff dandy who uses the highly flavored regalia, are the sufferers from the effects of the tariff. The poor man has it in his power to manufacture all wearing apparel for family use; and in fact there is scarcely a cabin in our country, but what has a spindle and loom in operation. Can it then be said that the tariff oppresses the poor.—Fine shirtings and sheetings are seldom used. The plain home-spun is preferred, as it is more lasting and durable. Liquors, and all other unnecessary luxuries, upon which a duty is paid, are seldom used by the poor man; and would not be at any price, however low. It may then be asserted, without fear of consequences, that the tariff is a blessing to the poor. Direct taxation would be more severely felt by all. The incidental protection which has been given to our cotton manufactures has caused hundreds of capitalists to embark in the business; and we have noticed where thousands of our distressed and needy countrymen have found employment. Competition springs up in our own country; and we will soon find American manufacturers under-selling the British. They will not have to pay such heavy expenses in shipments, as do foreigners. The south has been sending her cotton to England, at a heavy expense; a duty is paid there; it is manufactured and brought back where another duty is paid. The planter then purchases the goods at an enormous price; there's the expenses of importation and exportation which must necessarily come from his pocket. Now is he not awfully gulled, to oppose that which would be his making. Every body knows that the greater demand for an article, the greater the price. Then let the South look to her best interests, and support a judicious Tariff.

The question is asked on all hands—and we are bored to misery with it—whether the Legislature will district the State or not. Our opinion is, that it will not. Provided a bill was to pass the two houses, we are inclined to the belief that the "old iron fighter" would bring down one mighty link with his sledge hammer (the veto) and smash it to atoms.—It would be giving the Whig party "tail hold"—as all the manoeuvring and Gerrymandering, which the locos could invent, would not prevent them from electing one member if not two. So we think the general ticket system is still to prevail, during which time loco-foco members will be elected without any opposition from the whigs—will go on to Washington and attempt to take their seats, where they will find opposition enough, inviting them to walk in the rotunda and let off the surplus wind, of which they will have had an ample supply. Then look out—the way "Jake" will astonish the natives—it will be a sin to de tar heel niggers. He will blow upon southern chivalry—swear by the immortal "Gallon Nussance", that the mandate of his "indefatigable" Governor shall not be set at naught.—The noise in the rotunda will bring forth the Sergeant-at-arms—and reader, if you could just get a sight at "Jake," we know you could enjoy a hearty laugh, to see him, like a whipt kur, "tuck his tail and truckle."

We understand that the vacancy in Yalobusha county, occasioned by the resignation of a loco-foco Representative, has been filled by the election of A. C. BAINE, Esq; who is a whig of the true stripe. His opponent was a fellow by the name of W. G. Kendall, who figures as Editor of the Grenada Herald.

Up to day of publication we have received no news from the Louisiana elections, which took place on the third of this month. We have little doubt but that the Whigs have carried the day.

**AGENTS.**—The following men will please act as our agents and receipt for subscriptions to the *Hornet*. Other of our friends not named take an interest in the matter, and redden to do the same.

At Shongalo—Messrs. Chas. L. Fisher and Robert Cross.  
At Middleton—Messrs. Jas. M. Dunn, Morgan Caudle and J. At Parker's Precinct—Messrs. J. W. Dykes, James Parker and McNeill.

Smith's Mills—Messrs. David Smith, G. A. Graves, Z. Pratt, and Mont.

At Williams' Landing—Messrs. N. Miller, F. W. Babin, Jas. T. G. Harris.

At Black Hawk—Messrs. Wm. Doct. Terrell, Reuben Marshall, James and David Standley.

Marion—Messrs. A. B. Robinson and Robert Smith.

At Coila—James Harrell, L. and Littleton Benthall.

Those of our friends who have ed our Prospectus of the "*Hornet*," please forward us, as soon as convenient, the names of subscribers they have ed, that we may know where to send papers and put them in the early of our first Number. We wish them to retain our Prospectus, and extend towards giving this sheet a general. The interest of our party demands expect this much at their hands.

We are pleased to see that the Coahoma county, have nominated Brown, as a candidate for the Legislature; and we tell you, loco-foco wool fly from the head of the Coahoma, and skinned them without mercy.

## A SMALL AFFAIR.

"The rigid righteous is a fact."

"The rigid wise another."

As "a specimen of barbarity, or cency, as any one may be disposed to," we will notice a few words from which appears in the Gallatin